

see! here comes the multitude! The procession is led by a company of soldiers who make room for others to follow. Here comes Jesus. How tired and bleeding he comes! The rabble of many nations follows after. Up the steep of Calvary they go! Have a care lest you stumble over a skull! For this you know is Golgotha the place of skulls. Let me not hear the driving of the nails through his feet. Thou mid-day sun hide the scene from my eyes!

"Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the might maker, died,  
For man the creature's sin."

The death-cries of the whole world were uttered by Jesus when he yielded up the ghost! The death-throes of the world shook the earth and rent the rocks when Jesus expired! The funeral-griefs, and tears, and heartaches of all the ages were mixed in the cup from which drank the mother, Mary Magdalene and others! Near the cross in his terrible death! Near the sepulchre in his burial! And first at the grave on Easter morn were these faithful women! Can you feel the anxiety of Mary Magdalene when she finds the empty tomb? Can you not understand what she means when she says, "They (his enemies) have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him."

"With myrrh and with aloes  
We balm'd and we bathed him,  
Loyally, lovingly,  
Tenderly swathed him:  
With cerecloth and band  
For the grave we arrayed him;  
But oh, he is gone  
From the place where we laid him."

Yes, gone from the grave forever! Not Joseph's tomb or any other shall e'er receive him again.

And so he was buried. But the tomb could not hold him. Death could not forever vanquish him. For see, the earth trembled again! He comes! He comes from the grave! Risen, forever risen! How the rabble of Jerusalem hooted him to death. But he is risen! How the chief priests and those who passed by and saw him suffering mocked him. But he is risen! How the friends of hell made high merriment when he died! But ye devils who sought his life know ye and tremble, for he is risen. And oh, how death sought eagerly to take him away. But oh, death know thou that he is risen and thou hast lost thy sting forever. And the grave, how it engulfed him. Scarce dead until the grave claimed him. But oh grave, do thou lend thine ear, and all ye graves of earth, hear, for he is risen and ye are robbed forever of victory.

The fulness of the resurrection glory only begins to reveal itself in considerations of his sorrowful career. The victory of Jesus Christ in his resurrection can never be told. And the joys of Easter morning can never be measured. "Christ is risen?" I must tell you again. We are told that in the cities of Russia on Easter morning when the sun is just rising, men and women go about the streets greeting each other with the words, "Christ is risen." They all know this. Yet they rejoice to tell it. So let us tell each other the news. Brother, I have good news to tell you. "Christ is risen." Sister I have an Easter greeting for you. Your Savior and mine is risen.

Tell it to all around. We have a living Christ. We serve not a dead Christ. True he ascended on high, but he did so leading captivity captive. "I am he that liveth and was dead and behold I am alive forever more." Christ is risen! Tell it ye dying sons and daughters of men. For this gives you hope in death. Christ is risen! Go tell it ye who have been robbed by the grave! For this restores you to your buried again. Christ is risen! Echo it ye sin-cursed and heavy laden and weary. For this assures you rest!

Christ is risen! Send it along your line ye oppressed and down trodden of earth. For this gives you light and hope. Christ is risen! Let the nations of earth herald it forth. Let the islands of the sea re-echo it! Ye waters of the great deep join in the swelling chorus with your myriad voices! And ye winds, take up the refrain. Bend down ye stars of light and take up the song. Send the message with the wings of light till the starry host shall hear the news and join in the universal chorus of the ages.

And ye heavens, and ye hosts of heaven, have ye not heard the news? Yes, yes, in heaven it has been told again and again! For heaven itself has received him until the fullness of time. Yet, in heaven the risen Lord evokes continual shouts of rejoicing. When a soul comes back from sin to Jesus—there is joy in heaven. When a Christian father lies down in death—what shouts of rejoicing must ascend to the throne as the angels bear him home! When a kind, loving Christian mother crosses the Jordan—a mother who has brought her children to Jesus—what acclamations of praise must ring through the vaulted domes of heaven as the celestial messengers sweep through the lifted gates with their jewel!

He is risen! Learn the song now: For this will be the universal cry of praise yet, Glory to the conqueror of death and hell and the grave!

"Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise,  
Into thy native skies,  
Assume thy right:  
And when in many a fold  
The clouds are backward rolled  
Pass through those gates of gold,  
And reign in light.

Victor o'er death and hell!  
Cherubic legion swell  
Thy radiant train:  
Praises all heaven inspire;  
Each angel sweeps his lyre,  
And waves his wings of fire,  
Thou Lamb once slain!

Enter, incarnate God!  
No feet but thine, have trod  
The serpent down.  
Blow the full trumpets, blow!  
Wider your portals throw!  
Savior triumphant—go,  
And take thy crown!

Lion of Judah—Hail!  
And let thy name prevail  
From age to age;  
Lord of the rolling years!  
Claim for thine own the spheres,  
For thou hast bought with tears  
Thy heritage.

And then was heard afar  
Star answering to star—  
"Lo! these have come,  
Followers of Him who gave  
His life their lives to save;  
And now their palms they wave,  
Brought safely home."

And now let us contemplate for a little season, the heavenly blessings that the risen Lord brings to us. Thus shall our Easter joy be full. Now our risen Lord, after forty days were expired and he had proven his Sonship *divine*, was taken up into heaven. His ascension was on this wise: Being assembled with the disciples on the Mount of Olives, while blessing them, he is taken up, and as he ascended a cloud received him out of their sight. The disciples looked steadfastly toward heaven as he went up. As they looked behold two angles of the Lord stood by them in white apparel. They said to the wondering disciples: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." He went away in a cloud, attended with multitudes of angels. But behold, he cometh with clouds and an innumerable company of angels with him. "For he shall descend with a shout and the trump of God." So we, Christians, look for the Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ from heaven. This gives us hope. Let us look into the Book and see whence our hope comes. We are taught by the Apostle Peter on this wise. (I Pet. 1: 3.) "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus